

Æsop at the Bell-Tavern in Westminster,

O R, A

P R E S E N T

F R O M T H E

October = Club,

In a few Select

F A B L E S

F R O M

Sir *ROGER L'ESTRANGE*

Done into *English V E R S E*, under

The following H E A D S

The Introduction,
Depositions ill answer'd,
The Medley,
The Qualification to eat
City Custard.
The Revolution,
A Word to the Wife,
A Trick worth Two,
The Resignation,
The Republican,
The General Peace.

The *Observer*,
The late Ministry's Poc-
ket Looking-Glass,
The Succession,
The Naturalizing-Act,
The Miller and the
Rat,
The Wind and Weather;
Man, or a Present for
Gustavus Parker,
The Election.

L O N D O N: Printed in the Year 1711.

Shop at the Post Office

100

THESE

3111 T. M. 11

dule - edition

Doc 374.1.11

2 FEB 1964

M O S T



The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been appointed to the various positions in the various departments of the Government of the State of New York, for the year 1901.

Approved: _____

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Let's look at the

The Succession

1874

1000 1000 1000 1000

24

1917

John C. Bennett

Chlorine 2.000

The following table shows the results of the analysis of variance for the effect of the different factors on the response of the different groups of subjects.

The Commission

Депутат Н. Подольский

791594M-411

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

1914

The Report

1947-1948

in. I drive 3500

Normalized to 1

100-44111-10

5604 h 2 D 57

Printed in the U.S.A.

THE PREFACE.

TO account with the Reader for the Title of this little Pamphlet, tho' I am altogether in the Dark, as to the Author of it, He is to be told that the following Papers were taken up by a Gentleman, in the Great Room at the Bell-Tavern in Westminster, where the Celebrated Club, of worthy Patriots, that goes by the Name of OCTOBER, was daily held, during the last Session of Parliament, and may justly be suppos'd to be drop'd there by One of that Honourable Society. The Method they are written in will convince the Intelligent, that a Person of Understanding, as well as Education, is the Composer of them, and I could not but think it highly Instructive, to make them see the Light, on Account of the several profitable and diverting Subjects, which they are written upon.

Tales and Fables, have hitherto been look'd upon as Things worthy of a common Reception, especially where humane Transactions seem to be aim'd at under the Persons of irrational Creatures: And a Moral may direct us into a Sense of Affairs,

The PREFACE.

which the Dread of Authority would deter some People from enquiring into, should the Law take hold of the Discourse of Birds and Beasts, or Men of high Stations be offended at being told their Faults, in Order to their Amendment, where the Rebuke is Couch'd under an entertaining Story.

As for any thing in this Performance, if it accidentally pinches any Person, or re-minds the World of some unjustifiable Proceedings and Occurrences, it's the Fault of the Times, and not the Author, who seems to me (howsoever unknown) to have a better Relish of Railery, not to point rather at the Vices we are guilty of, than the Names of such as encourage, and make Profession of Them.

What the Publisher has to say for himself, is, that he has too great an Opinion of our present Administration (whatever indifferent Opinion he had of the Past) to think that they'll take Offence at what a Parcel of irrational Animals, and volatile Creatures act, and talk among themselves; or be angry at a few Innocent Fables, creeping abroad, when Atheism, and Deism, appear in Publick, bare-fac'd; therefore He submits Them in the same Words He found Them, without any Manner of Alteration, to the Perusal of the Judicious, who must be very much prejudic'd against the Party, they seem to be written in Favour of, or will give Him His Thanks for so doing.



SELECT

SELECT
FABLES,

FROM
Sir Roger L'Estrange's ÆSOP.

Done into *English* VERSE.

FABLE I.
The INTRODUCTION.

A Drolling sort of Fellow made
A Party-colour'd Coat,

Fit for the *Merry-Andrew* Trade,

Or Fool's of greater Note.

And amongst other Goods He sold,

He hung it out for Sale;

Which being to some Neighbours told,

They threatned Him with Goal:

B

And

And storm'd and swore most bloodily,
 They'd swinge the Raskal off,
 And teach such scoundrel Rogues as He,
 At Citizens to scoff.
 Believe it, cry'd the Salesman, I
 Am mightily in the Wrong,
 Knowing such Chaps to live so nigh,
 And let it hang so long.
 I made the Coat, 'tis very true,
 All Fools to ridicule,
 But if 'tis own'd by one of you,
 'Tis He that *makes the Fool*.

FABLE II.

Depositions ill answer'd.

TH E *Lion* having held the Reins,
 By ill Advisers led,
 The Beasts perceiv'd his want of Brains,
 And took his Crown to save his Pains,
 And plac'd it on the *Tyger's* Head.

Made King of Brutes, he wisely saw,

His Predecessor's Faults,

And kept his Enemies in awe,

As he lov'd Justice and the Law,

Tho' some had other Thoughts.

And these were willing to be blind,

When Truth was just appearing:

Their Prince was of the Lion's kind,

A Whelp for Government design'd,

And more not worth the Hearing.

The Pious Monarch, tho' he knew

His Right beyond Disputes,

Could not but be concern'd to view,

How fast the foolish Humour grew,

Amongst the silly Brutes.

And sigh'd, and studied to reclaim,

A People lost to Sense,

But they stood Resolute, to their Shame,

And cry'd up the young *Lion's* Fame,

As if their lawful Prince,

B 2

When

When to His Majesty there run

An *Ape* with Visage furious,

And cry'd, " My Liege here's Ten to One,

" The *Lion* has no living Son,

" I'll prove His Birth is spurious.

Hold, said the Sovereign Beast, thou Sot,

And strait withdraw thy Phiz,

Should such a Rascal say he's not

Legitimate, and true begot,

The World will think He is.

M O R A L.

Thus for the Teller's sake, the Tale we flig ht,

And R——'s only read what R——'s write.

F A B L E. III. The MEDLER.

AN *Eagle* out in search of Prey,

And in pursuit of Food,

Met with a *Lambkin* in her Way,

A grazing near a Wood.

And

And down she made an eager stoop,

As Hunger urg'd her haste:

And in an Instant trufs'd it up,

And whirl'd away the Feast.

A Crow stood perching on a Tree,

And grinning at the Feat,

Said, *I'll have some as well as she,*

Since 'tis so cheap a Meat :

With that he fix'd upon a Ram,

And gave a furious Pull,

To bear it up as she the Lamb ;

But stuck within the Wool.

The Shepherd laugh'd to find Her caught,

And went and seiz'd the Thief,

And homeward to his Children brought,

The Bird of strange Belief.

They gap'd, and Ey'd the Fool apace,

Whose Wings were clip'd and lame,

And knowing not the Bird by's Face,

Were earnest for his Name.

Children,

Children, said He, he'll swear his Veins
 With Eagle's Blood Overflow ;
 But I'll affirm, that Man's no Brains,
 Who thinks him not a Crow.

M O R A L.

*Thus Oldm—n to Politicks may swell,
 Because Lord S——rs understands them well,
 And give Himself a sort of learned Air,
 For Managements of War, compos'd by H—re,
 But this must be remember'd to his Shame,
 He gets the Money, but they get the Fame ;
 And tho' their Works are fit to see the Light,
 That Sugar-Bakers are not Born to write.*

F A B L E IV.

The Qualifications, to eat City Custard.

A Serious Afs of sober Face,
 And Sect, as e'er was known,
 Strove, in his Turn to Mount the Throne,
 And Rule the Bestial Race,

And

But as the Laws of Brutes enjoyn'd,

That none shou'd be their Chief,

Unless of such, and such Belief,

And of Conforming Kind.

'Twas hop'd by those, whose Interest lay

Quite opposite to His;

A Person of so grave a Phiz,

Would never deviate from his wonted Way.

And tho' he could etch out of Prayer,

As long as any Sinner,

At *Salter's*, or at *Hall*, call'd *Pinner*;

He ne'er would *Drink*, and *Swear*,

But that was all a Grand Mistake,

Sir Formal was no Novice,

And knew that such a gainful Office,

Deserv'd Compliance for its Sake.

And after many a squeamish Face,

He took the Liquor up

With much a do, and kiss'd the Cup;

And was establish'd in his Place.

For

For Shame said one, I never thought

An Afs of any Sense,

Would give his Brethren this Offence,

Or yeild to Such a Fault.

Rather my Liege, renounce your Claim,

To Doctrine, Proof, and Text,

Than let our righteous Souls be vex'd,

At such a Burning Shame.

The Counfel's good, He cry'd, you bring,

And it might current pass,

Were I like you a common Afs,

And not a Powerful King.

But you must pardon me the Choice,

I now have made to Reign,

Since you'd accept the Terms 'tis plain,

Had you the Casting Voice.

Not One amongst the Godly Crew

Would boggle at the Sin ;

But like me, dote on Power, when *In*,

When *Out*, despise like you.

FABLE

FABLE IV. *The Revolution.*

THE *Pidgeons* worried by a *Kite*,
 Besought a *Vulture's* Aid,

And to be freed from further Fright,

Him their Protector made ;

The Bird of Prey was glad at Heart,

And gave the Fools his Word ;

He'd act a very faithful Part,

And be a careful Bird.

When he of 's Place was scarce possess'd,

But greedy to devour,

He fix'd his Claws, and made a Feast

Of them that gave him Power.

Defend us *Jove*, a *Pidgeon* cry'd,

And *Venus* save thy *Doves* ;

Who for our Safety should provide,

Our Persecutor proves.

Fools as we are the *Kite* destroy'd,

But few at several Times,

This *always* eats, and never cloy'd,

C Still

Still riots in his Crimes.

By my Consent let's e'en invite,

That *Enemy* to befriend us.

There is some Reason in the *Kite*,

This instantly will end us.

One of the *Vulture's* Grasps will do

More Harm and Execution,

Than any *Kite* with Ten Times Two,

I'm for another *Revolution*.

MORAL.

So said the Poles in King Augustus's Days;

Can Flesh and Blood bear with this haughty Prince?

Would any People, that has common Sense,

Not look about for Means and Ways,

Their Ancient Grandeur, and their Fame to raise?

When Means and Ways, at last were pitch'd upon,

And they call'd in the Swede

To help them in the Time of Need;

The Swede their Towns with conqu'ring Troops o'er-run,

And they who fear'd their Foes, were by their Friends undone.

FABLE V. *A Word to the Wise.*

TWO Cocks once, in a Duel strove,
 Which should the Mastery gain,
 Which should the most his Strength approve,
 And o'er the Dunghil reign:
 Blows follow'd Blows, and Blood for Blood,
 On either Side was shed,
 As they for Power contending stood,
 And peck'd, and sparr'd, and fought, and fed;
 Till One quite worsted in the Fight,
 And bristling up his Hackle,
 Cry'd, and turn'd Scamperer out-right,
 Bidding his Enemy good Night,
 He'd have no more o' th' Battle.
 At this, Victorious *Chanticleer*,
 Up to the House-Top flew,
 To give himself a Conquerour's Air,
 And most insulting grew;
 He clap'd his Wings, and loudly Crow'd,
 To make his Victory known,

And arrogantly told abroad
 What Wonders he had done,
 When had the Craven of his Foe,
 O'er whom he triumph'd with such Grace
 Stood but to strike another Blow,
 He might have been in t'others Place.
 While he was in this boasting Mood,
 His Valour to display,
 An Eagle was in search of Food,
 And out upon the Wing for Prey :
 And down she made an eager Stoop,
 With Force impetuous strong,
 To truss the thoughtless Conqueror up,
 And make the Fool repent his Song.
 By this Adventure it fell out,
 The Craven, which from Danger slunk his Head,
 Strutted entirely o'er the Female Rout,
 And had his Mistresses, from whom he fled.

M O R A L.

'Tis just with Princes, as with these two Birds,

They strive to be each other's Lords,

And bold Imperial Sway,

As they the Terror of their Arms disperse,

To make th' astonish'd Universe,

Their several Laws obey.

France and the Empire both have done,

The same as these two Cocks have been a doing,

The last was very near its ruin,

And plainly into Coverts run.

Till in the midst of French Hosannahs,

Down the British-Eagle stoop'd,

And at one Pounce the Conqueror swoop'd,

To shew that Victory was Anna's.

But let Great-Britain, whilst Her Genius smiles,

Remember France has several Lifles,

In Namur, Arras, Conde,

And if she gives much way to Pride,

Fortune,

Fortune *may yet espouse the vanquish'd Side,*

And she pay for it one Day.

FABLE VI. *A Trick worth Two.*

WAS ever such a Damn'd ill-natur'd Puss,
To serve her very Landlord thus?

Said Roger by a Nettle stung.

I neither with my Fingers press'd her,

Or did Her any wrong,

But touch'd her gently for which here's a Blister.

Ay, Master, cry'd the Neighb'ring Grass,

These things will always come to pass,

Believe the Place you tread on,

Nettles Returns are always such,

When they are us'd gently, and are much

(Which makes them be presumptuous) made on.

But take this for a Truth from me,

Squeeze but the Baggage heartily,

And somewhat roughly treat her,

She'll

She'll be as innocent a Weed,
 As any other of the Breed,
 And lose her Sting, tho' she can't lose her Nature.

M O R A L.

*Laws will effect what Doctrines cannot do,
 Make Vilains honest, and make Rebels true.
 Dissenters the Church-Liturgy will use ally
 When once Fin'd handsomely for their refusal,
 And we may ask our Betters where the Harm is,
 To make Men go to Heaven Vi & Armis?*

F A B L E VIII. The Resignation.

A Certain Fox had stole a Neighbour's Goose,
 And being hard pursu'd,
 Was forc'd immediately to turn her loose,
 And take for Shelter to a Wood.
 Yet still the Country People ran,
 Swearing they'd kill him every Man,
 And strait besat the Place,
 Which Reynard had for Refuge chose,

That

That he in safety from his Foes,

Might hide his Rognish Face.

Zounds! cry'd the Felon, what d'you mean,

By following me so close?

Can I be guilty of a Sin,

That have restor'd your Goose?

That's what you seek for, I perceive,

Then I pray, Fellows, give me leave,

To rest a while in quiet;

Your Neighbour has his own again,

And 'twas a Favour, I maintain,

For me to quit such Diet.

With that a Bumpkin made reply,

Faith, Master, betwixt you and I,

You've done the Thing that's civil:

It's true we have regain'd the Theft,

But should the Thief alive be left,

Odzooks 'twou'd be the Devil.

Spare such as you! A very pretty Jest,

You've stole *One* Goose but shall not steal the rest.

MORAL.

M O R A L.

A Statesman question'd in his Trust,
Flings up his Place to prove he's just,
And thinks that he may favour find,
Because his Office he resign'd,
But Parliaments have other Thoughts,
And yet may search into his Faults,
As they the Man, and not the Place pursue,
And give offending Sinners what's their Due.

F A B L E IX. *The Republican.*

A Country-Fellow took a *Daw*,
 A pillaging his Wheat,
 And tho' 'twas hanging by the Law,
 Ty'd only one of's Feet;
 And gave him to a little Child,
 Who with a deal of Joy,
 Made much of him, and laugh'd and smil'd
 At such a pleasing Toy.

But yet the Bird was mighty dull,

To think he was confin'd,

And tho' he had his Belly full,

Was not content in Mind;

Wherefore he from his Keeper slip'd,

And longing to be free,

To an adjacent Thicket skip'd,

And kaw'd out Liberty.

When 'twas not long before the String

He had upon his Foot,

Entangled him, and made him sing,

Another kind of Note,

And ready to give up the Ghost,

For want of usual Food,

He own'd that he himself had lost,

Not knowing what was good.

Fool as I am, I was preserv'd,

When kept from being Free,

He cry'd, but now, alas! am starv'd,

And with my Life have purchas'd Liberty.

MORAL

M O R A L

Down, down with Kings, our Common-wealths Men cry,

The Name's infectious grown,

Nor let the Rays of Liberty,

Be dark'ned by the Throne;

When, should the Powers they pray to grant

The Mischiefs they implore,

The Nation would experience the Want,

And starve that pinch'd before.

FABLE X. *The General Peace.*

A Fox was out upon the Pilfering Lay,

According to the Methods of his Kind,

In quest of his beloved Prey,

But high or low could nothing find,

At last, as Luck would have't, he spy'd,

A Cock upon a Tree at Roost,

With all his Hens on either side,

And thus did Chanticleer accost;

D 2

How

How now my Friend, what makes you there?

Your Business on the *Terra firma* lies;

Cocks are not Tenants of the Air,

Nor out of their own Elements should rise;

But you, perhaps, may be a stranger

To the late *General Peace*,

That puts all living Creatures out of danger,

And makes all former Enmities to cease.

Not a Soul henceforth dares assault

Another Beast or Bird,

But is an Outlaw for the Fault;

Upon a *Fox* his Word.

The blessed 'st News that e'er was brought,

The slyle Cock reply'd;

And at the same time stretching out his Throat,

Look'd as if something far off he descry'd,

Which made Sir Reynard presently,

Ask him, at what he peer'd?

For he took notice with observant Eye,

And stood upon his Guard.

Nothing,

Nothing, said t'other, but some Hounds

Are making all the Haste,

Is possible, cross yonder Grounds,

As if they had not broke their Fast.

Hounds! say you? are they out a Roguing?

Why then, quoth Reynard, I'll be gone,

'Tis high Time for me to be jogging,

They've smell'd me out Ten to One.

No, no, says crafty *Chanticleer*,

Let no vain Fears enslave you,

But keep your Footing where you are,

The *General Peace* will save you.

Ay, quoth the *Fox*, and so it will,

But I should find but an indifferent Station,

And have my Coat pink'd for it still,

Should the *Dogs* not have heard the *Proclamation*.

M O R A L.

One Years more War, State-Foxes cry,

Brings Peace, and Golden-Days are nigh,

When

When every Man shall drink beneath his Vine,

And under his own Fig-Tree dine;

When Trade and Mother-Church shall flourish,

When Nursing Fathers shall it nourish;

When all Things smiling shall appear,

And Holidays be throughout the Year;

These are fine Words they to us put,

But a Fox loves to fill his Gut,

And nothing else does truly drive at,

But to delude the Publick for the Private.

FABLE XI. The Observator.

A Thoughtless Ass as e'er was seen,

In Meadow, Field, or Stable,

Desir'd to learn an Air and Mien,

From *Spaniel* that was sleek and clean,

And frisk'd about his Master's Table,

His Parts he thought as bright as were

The best of the Creation,

And

And Intellects enough to spare,

With Education to compare,

With any Dog's in the Nation.

He saw the *Spaniel* Bound and Leap,

Whene'er his Lord appear'd,

And Compliment him with a Skip,

And lick his Cheeks, and lick his Lip,

And as he saw it leer'd,

Thought Animal both Wise and Sage,

If this be your Salute,

I'll do the same, I dare engage,

And any moderate Wager wage,

I'm as well-bred a Brute.

And took a Time when loose and freed,

He saw his Master come,

To shew that *Shock* could not exceed,

The Manners of his Courtly-Breed,

With all his Tricks at Home.

And up he rais'd his lazy Feet,

And lick'd him o'er and o'er,

Glad

Glad that th' Ocaſion he could meet,
 To ſhew how dextrous he could greet,
 And do what *Shock* had done before.
 When to his Slaves his Maſter cry'd,
Dick, Tom, and Harry come,
 Help me to thrash this Raskal's Hide,
 That now to murder me has try'd,
 Let Flogging be his Doom.
 Woe's me! ſaid *Aſ* of ſober Face,
 I ſee my vain Deſign:
 The Dog's is quite another Caſe,
 He does the Duties of his Place,
 But his are none of mine.

M O R A L.

If Obſervations Wiſe-men make,
And ſeek the Kingdom's Good,
And buſied for their Country's Sake,
Write down what Wiſe-men ſhou'd.
Muſt trifling Fellows interpoſe,
And Pen their Nonſenſe down,

To show themselves their Country's Foes,

And Enemies to the Crown.

Your Ridpaths are the Asses here,

And ought to stand the Flog,

While your Sir Roger's make appear,

The Story of the Dog.

F A B L E XII.

The late Ministry's Pocket-Looking-Glass.

A Knot of Fellows out upon the Pad,
Took ev'ry Penny that a Trav'ler had,

And having search'd him o'er and o'er,

To see if He had any more.

One of the Gang, a most Case-harden'd Rogue,

Cry'd Damn you Sirrah for a Dog,

You have more Money yet,

Deliver, or you shall be soundly beat.

Lord Brother ! said his Comrade strait,

Why do you talk at this Unchristian Rate?

Cannot you treat the Gentleman as we,

And take his Money civilly,

E

With-

To

Without this horrid Execration,
 And calling Names, unworthy of your Nation ?
 As they were marching off the Ground,
 To see what other Purchase might be found.

Pray Gentlemen, the Trav'ler says,
 My House so many Miles off lays ;
 And I have many a weary Step to jog it,
 Without one Farthing in my Pocket ;
 You seem to be Men, by your Favour,
 Of compaffionate Behaviour ;
 Wherefore I hope you'll be so kind,
 To leave so much, of what you took, behind,
 As may my Charges on the Road defray,
 And speed me forward in my Way.

Yes ! Yes ! the Lord forbid it else, they cry'd,
 At which one of the Bags was open'd wide,
 And he was bid to take what e'er he pleas'd,
 He took them at their Word, and Seiz'd

Of Silver, and of Gold,

As much as his Right-Hand cou'd hold. How

How now ! said He, that spoke so rough before,
 You griping Son of a confounded Whore,
 Have you no Conscience? Can't you be
 As *Easy*, and as *Moderate* as we?

M O R A L.

So 'twas when Rebels had pull'd down
The Mitre, Scepter, and the Crown,

By Way of Moderation;

Thieves of Commissioners of Safety,
Of all Things, Ye were worth, bereft Ye;

And most demurely talk'd of Sequestration,
They took your Money civilly,
And parting, cry'd, the Lord be wi' ye,

Without opprobrious Names;
Well knowing that a Curse or Two,
Would Nothing for their Purpose do,

But spoil their After Games;
Because it was enough to Kill,
To Covet, Back-bite, Whore and Steal;

And make bold with the second Table; **Net**

Not through the Decalogue to burst,

And to break in upon the First,

By cursing like the Villain in the Fable.

F A B L E XIII. *The Succession.*

IN Times of Old when Beasts were wond'rous
 And Birds had thoughtful Heads and Piercing Eyes, ^{(wise,}
 The First in Consultation gravely sat,
 To remedy the Grievances of State,
 And find out Ways and Means, and study Laws
 To serve their Monarch, and assert his Cause.
 The Royal Brute, who then the Scepter sway'd,
 And had possess'd the Forest for his Aid,
 Well knowing that in Kings it was a Crime,
 To look no farther than their Reigning Time,
 Sagely propos'd a Successor, for Fear
 His Majesty should die without an Heir,
 And his poor helpless Subjects be undone,
 By any other Worship than his own.
 Please you my Sovereign Liege, Don Reynard cry'd,
 Kings should be Kings whatever Priest's their Guide,
 And

And if the Fates decree that you must fall,
 And Childless yield to Death's imperious Call;
 Oh! may these Realms the next in Blood obey,
 And let a *Lybian* Prince o'er *Lybia* sway;
 No foreign Lyon mount the Regal Throne,
 To give us Statutes model'd from his own.

Yonder there lies in the *Nemeam* Wood,
 A graceful Cub, and sprung from Royal Blood,
 Immediate in Descent, as some can prove,
 Not Cousin by a Third or Fourth Remove.
 Suppose the Father's Conscience is defil'd,
 Where are the Spots that stick upon the Child?
 His Soul's unblemish'd as his Birth is true,
 And renders Him a Successor for you:
 But said the King, my Friend, the Laws ordain,
 That only Beasts of *Lybia's* Faith should Reign,
 That Orthodoxly through the Forrest range,
 And yield to no Religion that is strange;
 Nay! then, reply'd the Fox, it is agreed,
 Your Cousin German *Wolf* can ne'er succeed; The

The Monarchy must die at your Decease,
 And from your Life alone does hold its Lease,
 Since it must be acknowledg'd as his Due,
 If his Faith's *False*, T'other's cannot be *True* :
 And if his *Plea*, that urges Ties of Blood,
 And Principles more like Ours be not good,
 The *Wolf* of Course should drop his empty Claim,
 And cease Pretensions to the Regal Name,
 As he confess'd his Title too remote,
 And own'd the *Lyon's* Birth deserv'd the *Casting* Vote.

F A B L E XIV. *The Naturalizing Act.*

A Snake which us'd in Privacy to dwell,
 Confin'd to a poor narrow Cell ;

Would needs an Inmate have ;

And pinch'd by a cold Winters Frosts,

A Hedge-Hog that he meets accosts,

And offers him a Lodging in his Cave :

But when the new invited Guest,

Had into his Appartment press'd,

It was so very close :

The Snake cry'd out 'twill never do,

This Room's not big enough for Two ;

Your Prickles hinder my Repose :

So that you must of Consequence,

Prepare for your Departure hence,

As Matters now appear ;

Wherefore take Warning, and provide

Some other Quarters, where you may reside,

I shall be squeez'd to Death if you live here,

Then says the Hedge-Hog, he that cannot stay,

May e'en troop off, and go his Way.

For my Part, I approve

This pritty little Tenement,

And if you're not content,

You're free, when you think fitting to remove.

M O R A L.

Nations from hence, may Cautions take,

How they not imitate the Snake,

*By introducing foreign Guests,
 And harbouring Strangers in their Breasts,
 Lest they do make his Case their own,
 And in vain, wish they'd liv'd alone,
 Without inviting to their Costs,
 Hedge-Hogs who dispose of their Hosts.
 And thou Great Britain who from Dangers free,
 Triumph'st at Land, and rul'st at Sea,
 Whose Standards through the World display'd,
 Spread themselves out for injur'd Kingdom's Aid,
 Dote not too much on Alien Spies,
 Nor trust them, if Thou'rt truly wise ;
 Lest London, like thy Spittle-fields, should show,
 And Westminster be, crowded like Soho ;
 Lest it, which Heav'n forbids, be brought about,
 That a strange Language jostle English Out.*

FABLE XV. *The Miller and the Rat.*

A Miller once too cunning for a Rat,
 Surpriz'd the Rogue amongst his Meal ;

And

And there was this Law brought, and that
 Forbad the Course the Felon had been at,

To shew him 'twas a Crime to steal.

This comes by Thieving, strait said he,

And a lewd Life and Conversation,

Vengeance o'ertakes bad Folks you see,

Amidst their very Roguery,

And Practice of Abomination.

Alas! Sir, cries the Rat, I make,

No manner of a Trade on't,

But the poor Pittance which I take,

Is only for Life's Preservation sake,

That's all I ever made on't.

Thus the poor Pris'ner in his own defence,

On one Hand Hunger pleaded,

As on the other, Conscience

Was urg'd, and Punishment the Fence

To keep off such as in this Way proceeded

Should Knaves be suffer'd to survive,

The Judge says, and upon the Laws to trample.

There's not an honest Man alive,

Could in this wicked World thrive,

Therefore you must be worry'd for Example:

Well then, cry'd Culprit, once for all,

If for my sake there's nothing to be done,

Consider that as I for Mercy call,

So you may into the same Danger fall,

And that my Case is nothing but *your own* :

We're both of us *Corn-Merchants*, it is plain,

And of the same Fraternity,

Nay, and what's more, I dare maintain,

You take a Thousand for a single Grain

That's ever took by me.

How ! cry'd the Miller, all enrag'd at that,

Are these fit Words for honest Men to bear?

But who'll believe a Liar of a Rat ?

So call'd the Executioner his Cat,

And bid him do what we call *Justice* here.

M O R A L.

Great Thieves may pillage where they please,

And invade others Properties,

*In spite of Magna Charta;
 May do as an Usurper did;
 That o'er the Nation's Freedoms rid,
 And call'd it Magna Farta:
 Its your poor Devil goes to Pot,
 That has but little Plunder got,
 And is not Rich or High-horn.
 Jack-Catch soon marks him for his own,
 He for his Poverty is shewn,
 The ready VVay to Tyburn.*

FABLE XVI.

The VVind and VVeatherman, or a Present for Gust. Parker;

THE Ravens formerly were look'd upon
 As Wind and Weather-wise,
 And could foretel the Brightness of the Sun,
 Or Darknes of the Skies,
 Which made all Trav'lers far and near,
 Consult their boding Throats,
 To know if Day was likely to be clear,
 Or they should use their Riding-Coats.

A Crow saw what Respect was shewn
 To the Prophetick Bird,
 And since h'had the same Looks and Tone
 Would try to be preferr'd,
 And up he perch'd upon a Tree,
 As Priest on *Tripod* mounts,
 Foretelling what should never be
 And giving false Accounts:
 When several Trav'lers jogging by,
 Observ'd his Nod and Croak,

And one amongst the Rest said, I
 Will Home and fetch my Cloak,
 For, Friends of mine I dare maintain
 From that same Prophet's Voice,
 The Man who loves to ride i'th' Rain,
 Now has it in his choice.
 They look'd and look'd again to be
 More thoroughly satisfy'd,
 If 'twas a Raven on the Tree,
 That they might also Cloaks provide.

At last one Wiser than 'em all,
 Found out the Counterfeit,
 And gave his Comrade, (who turn'd Tail) a Call,
 And told him 'twas a Cheat.
 Yon' Fool, said he, that stand's aloof,
 And nod's at us below,
 A Rogue, I know him well enough,
 Is nothing but a sorry Crow.
 I'll forward on my Journey yet,
 To give the Fool the Lie,
 For since he tells us 'twill be wet,
 By all that's good, it must be dry.

M O R A L.

Let the St. Alban's Prophet learn from hence,
 To let his Schemes alone :
 And know that People who have Sense,
 Can find out those who've none,
 His Sunshine-Days, no Man uncloak'd can try,
 And his wet stormy-Nights are alway Calm and Dry.

FABLE XVII. *The Election.*

WHEN Birdshad Rules of Government
 And were acknowledg'd by Consent,
 For true and lawful States,
 They met (as Charters make appear
 Was customary once a Year)
 To chuse new Magistrates.
 And after some Disputes and Heat,
 With which Elections always meet,
 Some Officers they chose;
 But who should be the Chief of all,
 Next to the Scepter and the Ball,
 Had like to've cost them Blows.
 It seem'd that a Religious Zeal,
 Had crept within this Common-weal,
 In Parties Two divided;
 One, as it should, stood up for *Jove*,
 To shew its Duty, and its Love;
 With *Mercury* t'other sided.

Yet tho' the Justice of his Cause,
 Their Constitution, and their Laws,
 In favour of *Jove* pleaded,
 The subtle God of Cheats and Trade,
 A Knavish Part so slyly plaid,

His *Votaries* succeeded,
 And thro' the Falshood of a Bird,
 Prevail'd upon to break his Word,

A *Maggie* gain'd the Chair;
 And having squatted down his Breech,
 Gave Thanks in a most serious Speech,
 As long as any Prayer.

With that a *Lark*, who gave his Vote
 For Magistrate of greater Note,

Whose Bounty had releas'd,
 Both him and others from the Claws,
 Of many a *Vulture* and the Paws,

Of many a Rav'nous Beast;
 Cry'd out in a most dismal Fright,
 Is this a Match for yonder Kite?

Great

Great Jove look down and keep us safe,
Or else we little Folks must die,
For all th' assistance of the *Eye*,
The Birds of Prey will sweep us off.

Fie! said the *Swallow* not so fast,
Consider who 'twas rul'd us last,
And you'll not be so fearful;

A *Mag's* as good as any *Bat*,
Than prithee Child no more of that;
He cannot be less careful

Than some, perhaps, may question *H—er's* Fame;
But *G—ard* is the *Man* deserves their *Blame*;
One may Direct as well as other *Guides*;

But *Bats* are never constant to a *Side*;
With *Winds* they dally, that from *Courts* arise;
This Hour they flatter, and the next despise;

Promise, recant, are perjur'd in a *Strain*,
And show how governably they can reign.

FINIS

Is this a *Man*?



